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ROMAN FEVER.

ROME, the capital of the kingdom of Italy, and centre round which the Roman Catholic Church revolves, has the character, not undeserved, of being the most unhealthy of the capitals of Europe. Munich has always the spectre of typhoid fever haunting it, and Stuttgart can by no means show a clean bill of health; but in Rome not only does fever of one sort or other riot in the summer, but it also broods in the winter. No sooner does the sun begin to gain power, the flowers to open, and the birds to sing, than those not inured to malaria pack their portmanteaus and depart. Too often, visitors to Rome in the winter and early spring carry away with them, if not prostrated on the spot, the germs of typhoid; and as all the world goes to Rome, the curiosity shop of the world, it is well that the causes of the insalubrity of the city should be well understood, in order that, as far as possible, precautions should be taken against the fever. To remedy the evil lies not in their hands, but in those of the municipality, which is eagerly labouring to make Rome so hideous as to deter travellers from the desire of revisiting it, and as yet has not done sufficient in the right direction to correct the deadly evil.

There are two causes why fever is always threatening in Rome, both, however, reducible to one, and that, the Tiber. The conformation of Rome may be roughly illustrated by the hand outspread on the table. The several hills, Pincian, Quirinal, Viminal, Esquiline, Celian, and Aventine, radiate from a high tableland to the east. The Quirinal and Capitoline were all one finger originally, but were cut through by Trajan. The drainage of the town naturally runs down the valleys between the hills. The most populous portion of modern Rome lies on the level plain which was originally outside of the walls, and was the Campus Martius, the exercising- and the play-ground of the ancient Romans. This portion is not elevated to any considerable extent above the river, though now in parts lumpy, owing to

the vast masses of ruin of fallen amphitheatres and mausoleums, now buried under the foundations of mediæval palaces. Hardly anywhere is modern Rome built on the virgin soil; it is reared over the rubbish of ages; this may account for the fact that in Rome a shower does not freshen the air, but releases unwholesome vapours, so that the natives always close their windows against them during and after rain. The original level of the Forum was in places forty feet below the present level, and the ancient level was very slightly above that of the Tiber. This was why there was a swamp in it, into which Curtius plunged with his horse, in accordance with a widespread superstition that a fathomless bog can only be given a bottom by the sacrifice of a human life. It is a mistake to suppose that the gulf into which he leaped was an earthquake chasm; such would have filled with water, so low is the level, directly. He plunged into a swamp, and this swamp remained, reduced indeed, but still a swamp, to the last days of Imperial Rome.

All this portion was difficult to drain because surrounded by hills, which poured their water down into it; but the Cloaca Maxima, the main drain, was carried under it; and from that ramified many lateral channels. This Cloaca Maxima in Imperial times was so large that a wagon laden with hay could be driven up it. This is no longer the case; a boat could but enter it, so little is the crown of the arch above the level of the Tiber at its usual height. This alone shows how the bed of the river has risen; and with the rising of the river-bed, the drains cease to work with their former freedom. The silting up of the bed of the Tiber has also much to do with the unwholesomeness of the Campagna, which cannot be drained into the river for this reason, and to drain which, fresh channels would have to be cut into the sea. And here it is that one feels the vast advantage there is in the tide. This periodical flux and reflux of the ocean helps to purify our cities lying on tidal rivers; not only so, but the ebb of the tide gives opportunity for low lands to discharge their drainage into the sea,

and the returning tide shuts the sluices, the water is held back till the next ebb, when the weight of the accumulated water from off the land opens the sluices and pours away. But the Mediterranean is tideless, and the consequence is that low-lying districts such as the Maremma, the Pontine Marshes, and the Campagna, cannot be effectively cleared of stagnant water, and are and must be—unless steam-pumps be employed—for ever fever-nests. Now, the Campagna lies outside the very gates of Rome, nay, the very Forum itself is a hardly-reclaimed bit of fever-swamp. The germs of low fever breed over vast tracts of country close outside Rome, and are wafted in with every air of summer.

It is true that to the east is a tableland, well elevated, from which the historic hills strike out as spurs; but this elevated land gradually sinks again to the Tiber or into the Campagna.

In patches here and there, in groups of a score or a hundred, the Eucalyptus has been planted; but the Campagna needs much more energetic handling. If it cannot be drained except at such a prodigious cost as to make the attempt beyond the means of the present government, burdened with military and naval charges, the Campagna might be planted throughout, and a forest of trees would rise up and render innocuous the moisture which now stagnates and exhales poison. Not only so, but great forests of trees would pay the expense of planting. Fuel in Italy is very expensive; a box of olive sticks that will not keep a fire in for a day costs one shilling and threepence; there are hardly any decently-grown trees in Italy, except a few stone-pines, and some evergreen oaks in villa gardens. It was otherwise in the times of Imperial Rome; then woods were abundant, and then fevers were not so prevalent as at the present day. Forests over the Campagna would prove indeed a grateful addition to Rome, and the inhabitants could safely enjoy the pleasant shade of the trees which absorb the moisture, that cannot now be got rid of save by evaporation.

But other fevers than malarial scourge Rome; if malaria sweeps the plains and low-lying parts of the town, the newly-built, stately ranges of houses, the squares, that occupy the hills, are infested with typhoid. The reason is not far to seek. The communal authorities have built to an enormous extent all over the site of the Ludovisi villa gardens and over the high tableland—the knuckles and back of the hand, that sends down its fingers to the Tiber; and it is precisely in this well-built, well-drained, high-situated part of Rome that typhoid fever does its worst. Drains have been carried from this new portion down to the Tiber, through the old town; or rather the new drains have been connected with the old ones. Now, the gases generated by sewage always rise to the highest point; consequently, the sewage-gas of the whole city seeks to escape through all the vents supplied in the new buildings for the carrying off of their refuse. Here, again, the Tiber creates a difficulty. Owing to the rapid and enormous rise of the waters at certain seasons, after heavy rains, and on the melting of the snows on the Apennines, Rome suffers periodically from floods. Not only is all the low-lying portion of the city covered with water, but the outlets of the

drains are choked. Consider what that means. Just above the bridge of St Angelo is the opening of a drain that carries off the refuse from a large and populous portion of the town. The bottom of this cloaca is about six feet above the level of the river when ordinarily full; the crown of the arch is about twelve feet. But the river has been known to rise fifty-six feet; that means that the mouth of the drain is not only covered, but there is thirty-eight feet of water above it, driving back the sewage and preventing it from escaping. Much the same with all the drains in Rome. Every drain becomes like a squirt or a popgun. The entering flood drives the gas back, and forces it out of all the apertures at the highest level; that is to say, fills the new ranges of houses with mephitic vapours fatal to life. And the same must happen whenever a flood occurs sufficient to fill the mouths of the main drains. The refuse pouring down from the heights cannot escape; it accumulates, ferments, breeds gases destructive to life, and these must escape into the houses whether on the low or on the high levels, but most certainly of all on the high levels.

Now, there are two remedies to this intolerable evil. The first is, that every main drain should have a chimney at the highest point to carry off the foul exhalations that are formed in the drains. This would maintain a circulation of air through them when the Tiber mouth is open; and when closed, would form a mouth by which all these gases might be carried off.

The municipal authorities, aware of the choking of the mouths of the drains by floods, are engaged in carrying all into a main drain to run parallel with the Tiber and discharge at a lower level. This is excellent, but it is not enough. Vents at the highest level should be provided likewise.

But there is a further remedy that should not be neglected. In the Imperial times the Tiber was navigable for sea-going vessels as far as Rome, whilst its tributaries, the Anio, Nera, Chiana, and Topino contained sufficient water for boats and barges to convey goods down them to the city. By this means a busy traffic was maintained by water between Rome and the interior of the peninsula. But all this is completely changed. The mountains were at that time clothed in magnificent forests, that retained the water that fell on them, and discharged it slowly and gradually into the rivers. Now they are barren, every tree cut down, and only here and there some wretched scrub left. The result has been most disastrous. Not only does the rain that falls rush off at once, and so form inundations, but it breaks down the friable lime and volcanic stone of the mountains, and carries it over wide tracts, producing devastation, and likewise chokes the bed of the river, which by this means is continually rising. The government is spending considerable sums in dredging the bed, and rectifying the course of the Tiber; but nothing is done to strike the evil at its root, by replanting the Apennines, the Sabine and the Alban mountains. The economic importance of trees the Italian Government has yet to learn. On the Baltic coast, the wanton destruction of pine-woods released the sands, which were blown inland, destroying whole tracts of fertile pasture,

and enveloping entire villages. The Prussian Government interposed, and has replanted the sandhills. In Switzerland, the cantons of the Alps jealously guard the forests, and painfully plant the steep slopes, wherever possible, to protect against denudation and against avalanches. But the Italian has as yet not learned the importance of the tree, and till he does, the Tiber cannot be regulated in volume nor the Campagna rendered salubrious.

MY SHIPMATE LOUISE.

THE ROMANCE OF A WRECK.

By W. CLARK RUSSELL,

Author of the *Wreck of the Grosvenor*, etc.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—MY CAPTAINCY.

I AM arrived now at a passage of this singular adventure that will admit only of brief indications of certain features of it. I own that when I look back upon this experience, it offers itself as something so amazing, something so beside the most astonishing romantic incidents of sea-life which my memory carries, that, though I was the chief actor in it, I often at this hour find myself pausing as in doubt of the actuality of the events I have related and have yet to narrate.

Sometimes I wonder whether I might not have brought this kidnapping business—for thus it may fairly be called so far as Miss Temple and I were concerned—to a speedy end by peremptory refusal to navigate the ship to Captain Braine's island. But I have only to close my eyes and recall the faces and recollect the behaviour of the men who formed that barque's crew, to know better; I have only to repeople that now time-worn canvas with the countenances of those seamen, to witness afresh the looks and bearing of the carpenter, to recollect my defencelessness, the helplessness of my companion, whose life was absolutely dependent upon my judgment; to think of the wild greed raised in the men by their dream of thousands, their resolution to get the money, the sense of lawlessness that would increase upon them with the growing perception of their irresponsibility as a crew deprived of their officers by no crime of their own: I have only to recall all this along with my own thoughts and fears and bitter nerve-sapping anxieties, to understand that the course I adopted was the only practicable one open to me, and that what I did no other man situated as I then was but must have done also. But enough of this.

That afternoon, when the carpenter relieved me at four o'clock, I went below and superintended the preparation of the two cabins at the extremity of the cuddy for our reception. The berths were well lighted, with something of taste in their equipment of panel, bulkhead mouldings, and the like. I was very careful to bring up Mr Chicken's pistol and ammunition, and when I was alone with Miss Temple, I said: 'You are not afraid to handle a firearm, I think?'

'Oh dear, no.'

'You shot very well, I remember, with Mr Colledge at a bottle. Who hit the bottle?'

'I did.'

'So I might have thought by your manner of

drawing upon it. Your figure showed nobly, Miss Temple, in your posture as markswoman. I remember the sparkle of your eyes as you glanced along the barrel. I should not have cared to be hated by you and in front of you at that moment.'

'I wish I had the courage you feign I have,' said she.

'Well,' I exclaimed, pulling the captain's pistol out of my breast, 'here is a friend that will do more than bark for you, if you should find yourself in want of such help as it can give. I have a double-barrelled concern of a like build in the next room, so that between us we are able to muster three muzzles: artillery enough to enable us to stand a siege, I can assure you, with the ammunition we possess.'

She took the clumsy weapon in her small delicate white hand and toyed with it, levelling and examining it, and so forth. I bade her mind, as it was loaded. She smiled, and going to her bunk, hid the pistol.

'I shall certainly feel easier for having it,' said she. 'You will not always now be next door, Mr Dugdale. You will be for four hours at a time on deck, when you keep your watch.'

'Ay,' said I; 'but there is a skylight; and I'll take care that the cabin lamp be kept burning; and I have a keen ear, too, that will not be blunted through my thoughts, when away from you, always being here.'

Wilkins waited upon us with punctuality and civility. Lush faithfully kept to his end of the ship. He never offered to enter the cabin except to my invitation, when perhaps I would have something in navigation to tell him about. He seemed anxious to keep us at a distance, and picked up the ship's routine, when his watch came round, as I let it fall, with an air of morose reserve. I made several efforts with an assumption of cheerfulness and heartiness of manner to break through his sullenness, with the dream of finding something like a human being of sensibilities behind it, whom I should be able to influence into getting the crew to consent to speak a passing ship that Miss Temple might be transferred to her; but he was like a hedgehog; his quills regularly rose to my least approach. He would watch me with a sulkily cursing expression in his eye, or view me with a sour askant regard, and to my civillest speech respond in some ragged, scurvy sentence.

But I did not play an obliging part with him very long. Having come to the conclusion that he was a ruffian of immovable qualities, I recurred to my earlier behaviour, addressed him only to give him instructions in a peremptory manner, or to point out the ship's place on the chart; so, as you will suppose, very little passed between us; yet my putting on the airs of a captain and treating him as the mere fore-castle hand which he claimed to be, influenced his bearing, and rendered him even respectful.

Nevertheless, I knew that he and his mates never had their eye off me, so to speak; that having learnt the course to Cape Horn was so-and-so, the compass was watched with restless assiduity, every man as he was relieved at the wheel reporting the direction of the ship's head to his companions forward, and how she had been steering during his trick; that my behaviour on

deck was critically followed by eyes in the fore-part of the ship; that I could never give an order to trim sail during my watch but that it was duly reported to Lush, and weighed and considered by the crew in the frequent councils they held in the caboose. All this I was secretly informed of by Wetherly.

Yet I had nothing to complain of in the behaviour of the men. They sprang to my bidding, and their 'Ay, ay, sirs,' and responses to my orders, had as lively and hearty a ring as any one could hope to hear in the mouth of a crew. They sang briskly when they pulled and hauled with enjoyment of the sound of their own voices, and with a marked willingness in their demeanour to contribute their utmost to the navigation of the vessel.

But outside the actual, essential routine of the ship nothing was done. The decks were washed down at very long intervals only; there was no sailmaking or repairing; the spun-yarn winch was mute; the chafing gear was left to rot off as it would; the carpenter indeed saw to the rigging, took care that everything should be sound, for neither he nor his mates had a mind to lose a mast. But there was very little of sweeping or polishing, of swabbing or cleaning.

The rum was kept down in the steerage; every day Wilkins drew as much as sufficed to furnish the men with two glasses apiece. After drawing the stuff, he regularly presented himself with it to Lush or me, according as the one or the other of us was on deck, that it might be seen he had drawn the allowance only. The men seemed fully satisfied. There was never any demand for more grog than what was given to them, and I do not recall a single instance of intoxication.

I was as eager as any man aboard to make an end of the voyage—to arrive at all events in the South Sea, where, let the problem of the island prove what it might, we should have come to the end of our expectations, and be able to see our way to the near future, that might signify a return home for me and Miss Temple; and consequently, I never spared the barque's canvas, but, on the contrary, would hold on every rag to the very last, leaving the white clipper hull to sweep through it at the pace of a comet. The carpenter used the little ship in the same way, and between us both, our runs in the twenty-four hours would again and again rise to figures that might have been deemed almost miraculous in those days of round bows and kettle bottoms, of apple sides, and a beam but a third less than the length.

It came into my head once that we might run short of fresh water before we should arrive at that spot on the chart where the captain's gold was supposed to be buried, and I earnestly hoped that this might happen, since a threat of thirst must infallibly drive us for help to the first port we could manage to reach. I asked the carpenter if he knew what stock of water there was aboard. He said no, but promised to find out, and later in the day came to tell me that there were so many casks, making in all so many gallons—I cannot recollect the figures. To satisfy myself, I went into the hold with him, and discovered that he was right, and then entered into a calculation, which, to my secret mortification and disappointment, expressed a sufficient quantity of water

aboard to last all hands of us at a liberal supply per diem for at least six months.

Now that I had assured myself as to the posture of the crew, and was profoundly satisfied in my own mind that their consuming eagerness to arrive at the island would guarantee a uniformly proper behaviour in them, unless they addressed themselves to the rum casks, or unless I gave them cause to turn upon me, I had no misgiving in suffering Miss Temple to be seen by them. She was therefore constantly with me on deck when my lookout came round, and all the hours I could spare from sleep I dedicated to her society; so that it would be impossible to imagine any young unmarried couple passing the time in an association more intimate and incessant. At the beginning of this run to the South Pacific she showed a spirit that afterwards temporarily failed her. It was two days after I had consented to navigate the vessel that I observed a certain air of determination in her, as though she had been earnestly contemplating our situation, and had formed her resolution to encounter what might come with courage and patience. Then, after a while, her pluck seemed to fail her again; I would find her sitting motionless in the cabin with her eyes fixed on the deck, and an expression of misery in her face, as though her heart were broken. I could not induce her to eat; though, God knows, there was little or nothing to tempt her with. She could not sleep, she told me; and the glow faded out of her deep and beautiful eyes. Pale she always was, but now her face took a character of haggardness, which her whiteness, that was a loveliness in her when in health, accentuated to a degree that was presently shocking to me. When on deck, she would take my arm and walk listlessly, almost lifelessly, by my side, briefly replying to me in low tones, which trembled with excess of grief.

Secretly loving her as I did, though not as yet had a syllable, nay, as I believe, had a look of my passion escaped me, I began to dread the influence of her misery upon my behaviour to the men. She was a constant appeal to me, so to speak, to call the fellows aft, and tell them that the girl was pining her heart away, that she must be put ashore or conveyed aboard another ship this side Cape Horn, though it came to our backing our maintopsail to wait for one, or that I would throw up my command of the vessel and refuse to sail her another mile. I say I lived in mortal fear of my being forced into this by sentiment and sympathy; for I was advised by every secret instinct, by every glance I levelled at the crew, by every look I directed at the carpenter, that the certain issue of such a resolution as that must involve my life!

I said everything I could imagine that I thought might reassure her, and one afternoon spent two hours in earnest talk with her. I told her that her grief was influencing me, and that it might come to my not being able to control myself in my relations with the crew; and I went on to point out what must follow if I suffered my sorrow for her to betray me into any other attitude towards the men than that I now wore. I had never been very candid in this way with her before, not choosing to excite her alarm and distress, and now I succeeded in thoroughly frightening her. It was enough that

I should indicate the probability of her being left alone among the crew to fill her with horror. I need not give you the substance of my talk with her. So much remains to be told that I can only refer to it. But it achieved the end I had hoped to witness.

When next day came, I found some spirit in her voice and manner. Whilst we sat at breakfast alone, as we invariably were whether in the cuddy or on deck, she exclaimed, viewing me with an earnestness which there was nothing in the faint smile that accompanied it to diminish:

'I have taken your lecture to heart, Mr Dugdale, and I mean to reform. I have shown myself a sad coward; but you shall have no further reason to complain of me for that. I am ashamed of myself. I wonder that I have confidence enough to look at you when I compare my behaviour with yours. You have thought only of me, and I have thought only of myself, and that is the difference between us.'

'It puts a new pulse into my heart to hear you talk so,' said I. 'I want to conduct you home to your mother's side out of this wild adventure, with the same beauty and health that you brought away from England with you. It grieved me to the soul to see you refusing food, to watch your face growing hollow, to hear of your sleepless nights, and to witness in your eyes the misery that was consuming you. Pray keep this steadfastly in mind—that every day shortens our run to the South Pacific, and that every day this horrible experience is lessened by twenty-four hours. Whether there be gold in the island or not, whether the island have existence or not, the crew must still be dependent upon me to carry them to a port, and the port that is good for them will be good for us; for it will be strange if from it we are unable to proceed straight home. All along I have said it is but a question of patience and waiting, and God alone can tell how grateful I shall be to you if you will enable me to play the part that I know *must* be played if our safety is to be worth a rushlight.'

From this time she showed herself a thoroughly resolved woman. She ceased to tease me with regrets, to distress me with inquiries which I could not answer, to imply by her silence or her sighs or looks of reproach that I had it in my power by some other sort of policy than what I was pursuing to get her safely away out of the barque. With this new mind in her came a subtle but appreciable change in her manner towards me. Heretofore her behaviour had been uniformly haunted by some small flavour more or less defined of her treatment of me, and indeed of all others, saving Mr Colledge, aboard the Indianman. She had suggested, though perhaps without intending it, a sort of condescension in our quiet hours, with a deal of haughtiness and almost contemptuous command in moments when she was wrought up by alarm and despair. I now found a sort of yielding in her, a compliance, a complaisance that was almost tender, a subdued form of expression, no matter what the mood might be which our conversation happened to excite in her.

However, I consoled myself by thinking that our situation hung in too black a shadow over her mind to enable her to guess at what might be

going on in it. Besides, never a word had I let fall that she could construe into a revelation of my passion for her. Had I loved her a thousand-fold more than I did, my honour must have held my emotions dumb. It was not only that my pride determined me to keep silent until I might have good reason to believe that my love would not be declined by this high and mighty young lady of the *Countess Ida* with hidden wonder at my impertinence in offering it; I also was sensible that I should be acting the meanest part in the world to let her guess my feelings—by my language at least: my face I might not be always able to control—whilst she continued in this miserable condition, utterly dependent upon me for protection, and too helpless to avow any resentment, which she would be desperately quick to express and let me feel under other circumstances.

We should be entering the bitter climate of the Horn presently, and she was without warm apparel. Her dress, as you know, was the light tropical costume in which she had attired herself to visit the corvette. What was to be done?

'You cannot face the weather of the Horn in that garb,' said I on one occasion, lightly glancing at her dress, to which her noble and faultless figure communicated a grace that the wear and tear and soiling of the many days she had worn it could not rob it of. 'Needs must, you know, when Old Nick drives. There is but one expedient: I hope you will not make a grimace at it.'

'Tell it to me.'

'There is a good, warm, long pilot coat in my cabin. I will borrow needles and thread, and you must go to work to make it fit you.'

She laughed with a slight blush. 'I fear I shall not be able to manage it.'

'Try. If you fail, fifty to one but that there is some man forward who will contrive it for you. Most sailors can sew and cut out after a fashion. But I would rather you should try your hand at it alone. If I employ a fellow forward he will have to come aft and measure you, and so on; all which I don't want.'

'Nor I,' she cried eagerly. 'I will try the coat on now, Mr Dugdale. I daresay I shall be able to fashion it into some sort of jacket,' she added with another laugh that trembled with a sigh.

I procured the coat, and helped her to put it on. It had been built for an overcoat, and designed to wrap up more than the narrow shoulders for which it had been fashioned, and it buttoned easily over the girl's swelling figure.

'Come, we shan't want a tailor after all,' said I, backing a step to admire her in this new queer apparel.

'It will keep me warm,' said she, turning about to take a view of herself.

'And now,' said I, 'for a hat. That elegant straw of yours will not do for Cape Horn.'

I overhauled the captain's wardrobe, and unearthed three hats of different kinds—one of them a wideawake; another, a cap of some kind of skin, very good to keep a night-watch in in dirty weather; and the third, an old-fashioned tarpaulin glazed hat—the sire of the sou'-wester of our own times, though, to be sure, sou'-wester caps, as they were called, were in use at the

beginning of the century. This example of head-gear I returned to the locker in which I had found it, but the other two Miss Temple thought she could make serviceable. She tried them on, stealing glances almost coquettish at me as she peered at herself in the looking-glass which I brought from her cabin.

There had been a time when nothing, I am persuaded, could have induced her to touch those hats. She would have shrunk from them with the aversion and disgust she had exhibited at Captain Braine's suggestions about the furnishing of her cabin in the steerage. Assuredly, old Ocean was working a mighty change in her character. Life real, stern, uncompromising, was busy with her; and just as Byron says of his shipwrecked people that the mothers of them would not have known their own sons, so was I assured of my shipmate Louise that, if it pleased God we should escape from the perils of this adventure, she would emerge a changed woman in every characteristic that had been displeasing in her before.

SOME CURIOSITIES OF THE PATENT ROLLS.

IN any work dealing with the whims and eccentricities of the human mind, a copious chapter might be filled with instances drawn from our Patent Rolls. The strangest ideas and most impossible schemes are to be found there side by side with inventions which have left a lasting mark in the history of human progress. Much that is amusing from quaintness of phraseology, or the over-sanguine expectations formed by inventors of the results of their discoveries, is to be met with by the most casual reader. To those who care to look deeper, the Patent Rolls are full of instruction. Many illustrious names are to be found up and down their pages; and in spite of the mistaken views and shattered hopes of many of our early inventors, shrewd 'guesses at truth' are here and there to be discerned, and the true interests of science can be seen all the time making a slow but steady progress. During the reign of Elizabeth, the system of monopolies had become so extended as to form a crying evil. The whole trade of the kingdom was in the hands of a body of men not probably exceeding two hundred in number, and was to a great extent confined to the capital. The following examples will give a good idea of their general nature. Political morality as well as political economy would find their rules constantly outraged by these transactions of good Queen Bess, who certainly had a keen eye to the filling of the royal exchequer, and was not over-nice as to the means employed. For instance, we find her granting 'a license to Thomas Cornwallis only and no other to make grants and lycences for keeping of gauning-houses and using of unlawfull games contrary to the statute of 33 Hen. VIII.' And again in the thirtieth year of her reign: 'A patent to Sir W. Rawleigh to make licenses for keeping of tavernes and retailing of wynes throughout all England.' In 1598 a gentleman rejoicing in the name of Ede Schetts had a grant conferred on him and no other 'to buy and transport ashes and ould shoes for seven

yeeres.' On another the right was bestowed 'to provide and bring in all Spanish wools for making of felte hatts for twenty yeeres.' Monopolies embraced a wide variety of subjects, for instance: 'To make spangles,' 'To print the Psalms of David,' 'To print Cornelius Tacitus,' 'To printe all manner of songs in parts,' 'To make glasses;' and so on.

The abuse of this system produced a popular outcry, culminating, as every one knows, in the impeachment of Sir Giles Mompesson and others. James I. was forced to consent to the Statute of Monopolies, which, while abolishing all monopolies which were grievous and inconvenient to the subjects of the realm, made a special exception of letters-patent and grants of privilege of the sole working or making of any new manufacture to its true and first inventor, but so that it should not be 'contrary to law nor mischievous to the State by raising the price of commodities at home or hurt of trade or generally inconvenient.' Such was the origin of our present system of patents.

Among the early entries is an amusing one granted in 1632 for 'a fish-call, or a looking-glasse for fishes in the sea, very usefull for the fishers to call all kinde of fishes to their nets, speares, or hookes.' Fishes, then, like the rest of us, have their weak points, it would seem, among which not the least is vanity. Fancy a respectable old sole or elderly conger being taken by such a transparent device! No doubt, however, the largest take was among the females, who could not resist a peep. The manufacture of soap might not be considered an occupation fit for a knight, yet in 1622 a special privilege was granted to Sir Edmund Harewell, Sir Cary Raleigh, and others, 'to use within the realme of Ireland the misterie and trade of makinge all manner of soapes, and also of makinge of soape-ashes, pott-ashes, &c.' History does not relate whether Pat took kindly to this new luxury, or whether these worthy knights found the Emerald Isle a promising field for speculation; but the soap-trade, which did not exist in England till the sixteenth century, began about this time to assume a growing importance in our national commerce. The following patent, taken out in 1672, sounds something like a merry-go-round at a fair: 'A speciall lycence to use his new engine teachinge to performe by artificiall horses the usual exercises of a complete horseman generally taught in academies, namely, the running at the ring, throwing of the lance, shooting of the pistoll, and taking upp of the head.' Tilting at the ring from a hobby-horse certainly sounds rather ludicrous; though we have heard of an artificial horse that went through a series of back-jumping experiments, which were described as infinitely more trying to the seat of the rider than the evolutions of the live animal!

The 'complete horseman,' as turned out by the Riding Academies of to-day, does not come up to this seventeenth-century ideal; but it is interesting to note some of the chief features of the modern military tournament. While on the subject of athletic exercises, it may be well to notice a grant, on the 4th of July 1692, to one Thomas Samborne, of the 'sole publick exercise, use, and benefit of his new invented exercise called "Fives"' (a description of the place wherein

the same is to be used is annexed to the patent), 'which is moderately expensive, and in itself innocent and harmless, and very much conducing to the health and refreshment of such as practise it.' Bravo, Thomas Samborne! Many a school-boy will doubtless endorse your praise of 'Fives.' Some form of the game was known in classical times, and was also common in England; but this looks like the first mention of it by its modern name of 'Fives.'

The interest taken, curiously enough, in the reign of that merry monarch Charles II. in scientific pursuits—of which the founding of the Royal Society is an example—is well illustrated by some of the patents taken out at that period. For instance, one granted in 1670 to Prince Rupert 'for converting soft iron into steel.' He is also remembered in the annals of chemistry for his discovery of the glass 'drops' which are still called by his name. In 1678, one to Viscount Grandison 'for refining lead ore with coal instead of wood.' A well-known name—that of the Marquis of Worcester—appears on the Patent Rolls for 1661 for an invention of 'a watch or clocke without spring or chequer or any other kind of windage upp: alsoe to make an engine applyable to any coach, by which a child of six yeares old may secure from danger all in the coach, and the coachman himself, though the horses become never so unruly.' What an invaluable 'engine' this would be in the present state of traffic in the metropolis—during the passing by of a 'demonstration,' let us say, or when in the vicinity of brass bands, and on many other occasions which may be left to the imagination of the reader, when horses are wont to become 'never so unruly.'

The idea of a diving-dress and diving-bell has always been a favourite one with inventors. In 1687 a grant was made 'of the sole use and benefit of the new invention of teaching persons to walke and remaine under water for ye space of one, two, or three houres without covering over theire head or body, ye water coming both round and near their naked skin, and soe with perfect senses to worke or doe any service in recovering and taking up any goods or merchandises lost under water with greater ease and vigour than hath ever heretofore been found out or practised by any other.' The person who first entrusted himself to the tender mercies of this aquatic Professor must have been of an exceedingly confiding nature, or blessed with unusually strong nerves. He kindly limits the feat to three hours; but we fancy the pleasure would begin to pall after the first of them. What the exact nature of this invention was it would be difficult to say; it is plain it was not a diving-dress. The diving-bell is mentioned by Lord Bacon in the *Novum Organum* as a machine used to assist persons labouring under water upon wrecks, by affording a reservoir of air, to which they might resort whenever they required to take breath. Smeaton is supposed to have been the first to use it for civil-engineering operations in 1779, when the foundations of Hexham Bridge were being prepared. The bell in that case consisted of an oblong box of wood forty feet high, two wide, and three and a half long, and was supplied with air by a pipe fixed at the top. In 1788 Smeaton first employed the diving-bell as we now know it in the

construction of Ramsgate harbour. It was made of cast-iron, and weighed fifty hundredweight.

Passing to another subject, the dress of the ladies in the early years of the last century is amusingly illustrated by the following entry in 1737: 'A grant unto Jane Vanef, widow, and hoop-petticoat maker, of the sole use and benefit of her new invention of a machine or joint hoops so contrived that she can bring an hoop-coat of four yards wide into the compass of two yards or less, for ladies to go into coaches and chaires without any manner of trouble or inconvenience.' Sundry pictures of *Punch* in the palmy days of crinolines rise to the mind's eye in reading this account. The danger to life and property in the good old days of the gentlemen of the road gave rise to many inventions calculated to protect them—at least that was the design of the inventor—but personally, one would probably not have cared to make trial of their efficacy. Here is one: 'Watch and note guard, which will efectually prevent pickpockets from robbing persons of their watches, and will likewise prevent accidents of various kinds which too frequently happen to persons wearing watches and carrying notes in their breeches pockets.' This inventor was evidently a man of observant habits, a philosopher in his way. Again, in 1787 a 'grant unto Edmund Strickland of Birming, in the county of Warwick, mechanick of his new invented machine to prevent housebreaking and fire, and which may be applied to different purposes, and which will be found of never-failing utility for the protection of lives and property.' Here we have no half-hearted measures for the relief of the timid householder, but a machine to prevent his chief dangers, fire and housebreaking. What machine would answer both these purposes it would be hard to say, unless it was an ordinary alarm.

Patents for brewing and distilling processes are pretty frequent, but do not, as a rule, possess any peculiar features. The idea of improving the quality of fermented and distilled liquors by passing a current of electricity through the liquor is rather curious. A patent was taken out for this in 1843.

The following is a good example of old-fashioned political economy, innocent of Adam Smith or J. S. Mill—namely, a grant in 1732 to one Isaac Rowe of his method of 'extracting from blackberrys a spirit equally good and wholesome, and as well flavoured as French brandy, the use of which will save His Majesty's subjects very considerable sums of money that are annually sent to France and other countries for brandy.' We have heard of champagne being made of gooseberries, and have probably been deceived by the same, but imagine fine cognac from blackberries!

We are so accustomed to regard the lucifer match as indispensable, that we are apt to forget that its origin is very recent. In 1828 we find a patent for matches taken out by one Samuel Jones. The year before, a man named Walker had brought out some called 'Congreves,' after Sir W. Congreve, the inventor of the rocket of that name. Eighty-four of these were sold for a shilling, and with the box was supplied a folded piece of glass paper. The phosphorus friction match, as we at present know it, was not introduced on a commercial scale till 1833.

Among well-known names appearing on the Patent Rolls we find those of Josiah Wedgwood in 1769, and Ralph Wedgwood in 1796. The latter was granted three patents for 'his new invented method of making earthenware.' Josiah, who is described 'of Burslem, Stafford,' took out his patent for 'ornamenting earthenware and porcelain-ware by an encaustic gold bronze together with peculiar encaustic painting in various colours in imitation of Etruscan and Roman earthenware.' It was in 1769 that he opened new potteries on a large scale in Etruria, in Staffordshire, in partnership with Thomas Bently of Liverpool. Flaxman and other eminent artists were engaged to design and model reliefs, busts, and other designs for this pottery, which attained such a just celebrity.

The names of the chief pianoforte-makers are also to be seen. 'John Broadwood of Gt Pulteney St, Golden Square,' in 1783, then come the 'Erards'—Sebastian Erard in 1801, and Collard in 1811. The name of Murdoch, famous in the annals of gas, occurs in 1844. It was Robert Murdoch who practically introduced coal-gas as an illuminating agent in 1798. In 1803 the Lyceum Theatre was lighted with gas; and in 1810 a public company for lighting the streets, &c., was formed. In September 1816 the name of George Stephenson appears in connection with a patent for the construction of 'machines and railway carriages.' It was not till 1825 that the first train carrying passengers and goods was started. The idea of obtaining perpetual motion has a wonderful vitality about it. The earliest instance of it on the Rolls is in 1635, 'a special privilege to William Barton, Gent., of the sole license and power to use and exercise certain engines by him invented which (being putt in order) will cause and maintayne their owne motions with continuance and without any borrowed force of man, horse, winde, river, or brooks, whereby many severall kinds of rare works may be performed to the benefit of the commonwealth.' One thing we can be absolutely certain about is, that these 'works' were very 'rare.' We find an invention of a similar kind patented as late as 1836; and even at the present day the idea is by no means extinct.

The patents in connection with medicine are not the least amusing, and will form a fitting conclusion to these extracts. The quacks of former days, like those of our own, seem to have possessed a wonderful command of language and a vast vocabulary. These specific remedies have quaint titles: 'Aromatic Ague Cake,' 'Oriental Vegetable Cordial,' 'Compound Concentrated Fluid Vital Air' (patented in 1799). In 1786 John Thompson was granted a patent for his new medicine called 'Baume d'arquebusade Concentree,' or Concentrated Balsam of Arquebusade, 'which is one of the greatest antiseptic chymical preparations, and the most sovereign remedy externally in the cure of fractures, dislocations, &c., gunshot and other wounds of all kinds; and internally in the jaundice and all bilious complaints, the dropsy, gravel, and worms.' What a nice derangement of diseases! With such a remedy at hand, one would have thought that every ill that flesh is heir to would have long since been charmed away. Another ambitious title is attached to a patent taken out in

1850 by 'Innocenzo della Lena of Piccadilly for flogistical and fixed earth of Mars, or powder of Mars.' In 1749 one Thomas Smith of Spitalfields, Gent., took out a patent for his 'new invented Medicinal Snuff in curing of disorder of the hypocondriac and meloncolly kind.'

One other extract is too amusing to be passed over, though it has nothing to do with medicine, but rather with a walking-stick, of enormous capacities apparently, which was patented in 1814—and perhaps came in useful at Waterloo—'to contain pistol, powder, and balls, and screw telescope, pen, ink, and paper, pencil, knife, and drawing utensils.' What an invaluable *vade mecum*—just the thing for a campaign!

THE STORY OF A STORY.

BY EDWARD D. CUMING.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

'MR MEADOWSON,' said Miss Alicia Malden with a mysterious air, 'I want to have a little chat with you as soon as you have finished your tea.'

Arthur Meadowson hastily disposed of the last fragment of cake, and put his cup down on a knick-knack-laden table near. A tête-à-tête with Miss Malden was very dear to him, and hopes of enjoying one for five minutes brought him all the way from his lodgings in Brompton to No. 212 Brook Street regularly every Tuesday.

'Yes, Miss Malden,' he said, as the young lady took her seat on the sofa at his side—'yes.'

'I've got a great secret to tell you;' and she leaned forward to impart it in an impressive whisper. 'Mr Meadowson, I have written a book.'

Having unburdened her conscience, she drew back to mark the astonishment she expected the revelation would evoke. But Mr Meadowson, whose opinion of her talents was perhaps biased by admiration, manifested no surprise at all. On the contrary, he merely said that he was perfectly sure anything Miss Malden wrote would be well worth reading.

'It's very good of you to say so,' she answered modestly, 'and you encourage me to ask a great favour.'

Arthur Meadowson blushed with pleasure, and said that she had only to say what the favour was; he would be only too charmed to do anything for her.

'I want you to take the manuscript home with you to-day and read it. Then I shall ask you to give me your opinion of it,' said Miss Malden with her brightest smile.

The young man's brain whirled: that smile intoxicated him, and he scarcely realised that he was being admitted into his liege lady's most sacred confidence.

'I want your candid opinion, mind,' continued Miss Malden. 'I have read the story to Gwen Pollock, my dearest friend, and she is delighted with it; but of course she is no judge.'

In broken sentences, Arthur Meadowson strove to assert his conviction that Miss Pollock's verdict only foreshadowed his own.

'Gwen thinks I ought to get at least two hundred pounds for it,' said the authoress carelessly; 'but of course I don't expect anything. I scarcely dare trust myself to think of the joy of seeing it in print, even.'

'I will do my very best for you, Miss Malden.'
'Thanks. If you will come into the library, I will give you the manuscript.—Oh! I almost forgot to tell you. It's a secret from mamma. I am not going to tell her until the book is printed and published. I mean to give her a surprise.'

'We must find a publisher, Mr Meadowson,' said the young lady as she unlocked a drawer in the library writing-table and took out a bulky brown-paper parcel.

Miss Malden said 'We!' Arthur Meadowson seized the parcel and pressed it to his heart. 'Yes,' he murmured ecstatically—'yes; and I wish I could tell you how—how—how—' But he couldn't; the words would not come; so he looked his feelings instead.

'I did think of asking Mr Wegswood to look at it,' said Alicia; 'but I prefer to give it to you.'

Mr Meadowson slid the package under his arm, caught Miss Malden's hand, and held it while he said a long 'good-night.' He looked upon Augustus Wegswood as his most dangerous rival, and this signal mark of preference raised him at a bound into the seventh heaven.

Mr Meadowson got into an omnibus at Hyde Park Corner. He was a man of about thirty years of age, who had been brought up with expectations that warranted his choosing a life of idleness. When he was twenty-three, the tide of his father's fortunes changed, and fell with rapidity to the lowest ebb; and at twenty-five Arthur Meadowson found himself fatherless and penniless, with nothing but his own unaided abilities wherewith to earn a living. He faced the situation bravely, and fell back on literature; and being possessed of a ready and facile pen, he contrived to keep his head above water by writing for magazines, at which laborious and uncertain vocation he had worked until the time our story opens. And to his consequent knowledge of literary matters and acquaintance with the publishing fraternity he owed in a measure the distinction Miss Malden had conferred upon him.

Mrs Malden had been a friend of his mother, and had remained staunch through adversity; her house in Brook Street was always open to him; and since Alicia's return twelve months ago from the Continent, where she had received the finishing touches to her education, Mr Meadowson had fallen steadily more and more deeply in love with her. He was aware that the young lady liked him; but as he could not ask a girl who would inherit some four thousand a year to share the two hundred his pen brought him annually, he was compelled to stand aside, while more eligible suitors thronged round to bid for the prize.

Mr Meadowson left the omnibus at the South Kensington station, and, still hugging that parcel, dived into the maze of streets which lies between the Brompton and Fulham Roads. He bent his steps down one of the less shabbily respectable, and drawing a latchkey from his pocket, let himself into a house whose lower windows were adorned with cards bearing the legend, 'Furnished Apartments.' His own rooms were up-stairs, and giving his landlady a call, to announce his return, he ran up to open Miss Malden's manuscript. It looked rather formidable when he had taken off

the numerous wrappings that protected it—five hundred and thirty sheets of closely-written foolscap, bearing on the outside, in artistic scroll-work, the title—

AT EDEN'S GATE.

An Idyll, in Three Volumes.

By A. M.

'A good name,' he muttered—'a very fair name. If the story is equal to it, it will do.' The critic was overcoming the lover; for Arthur Meadowson was a man of intrinsic honesty, and meant to deal with Miss Malden's book as impartially as he could.

He hastened over his dinner, and as soon as the cloth had been removed, turned up the lamp, drew in his chair, and set to work. He saw infinite possibilities in the future, for he felt that to secure publication of Alicia's novel would go far to turn mere liking into a deeper channel; and when it became clear that she actually reciprocated his attachment he might—Ah well; there would be time enough to build these castles in the air when the book was published.

But by the time he had reached the bottom of the very first page, the eager light in his eye had faded; at the end of the second his jaw fell visibly and his face grew blank; and when he paused to turn over the third, the glance he cast at the huge pile of foolscap beside him betokened anything but a whetted appetite for 'At Eden's Gate.'

As a matter of fact, dismay and disappointment were already the feelings uppermost in his mind. The most daring efforts at 'fine writing' were framed in lengthy sentences, whose construction argued the writer's contempt for the elements of English grammar; the simplest ideas were concealed in wordy shrouds of superlatives; and the spelling was varied with a richness that gave orthography a new interest.

'Never mind the diction,' said Mr Meadowson, setting his teeth as he took up chapter two; 'I can rewrite the copy for her. Let's get to the story.'

But at half-past one the devoted man laid aside the twelfth chapter without having detected any thread that all his ingenuity and indulgence combined could call a 'plot.' The chapters were disconnected incidents; the 'characters' had neither life nor individuality; and the conversation, of which there was a great deal, was weak and insipid to the last degree.

'It's a hopeless case!' exclaimed Arthur as he threw down his pen—'utterly hopeless! No editor would read to the end of the first chapter; and I can't imperil my slender reputation by asking any publisher I know to look at it. But to tell her so!—' He broke off with a despairing shrug and leaned back in his chair, gazing sadly at the untidy manuscript. He recognised now how delicate was the position in which Miss Malden's cherished confidence had placed him.

'She is in love with the thing,' he mused, as he put away the papers preparatory to retiring to bed. 'I saw that when she spoke of it; and no matter how carefully I gild the pill, the result is a foregone conclusion. She will never speak to me again if she can help it. I wish she had given the manuscript to Wegswood instead.'

He spent the better part of the following day in reading the remaining twenty-eight chapters of the 'Idyll,' buoying himself up with hopes that he might yet discover some gem of thought, or happily conceived incident, that would leaven the mass. But he reached the bitter end without having had his attention once arrested by a single line that rose above the level of deadly commonplace.

It will be readily understood that Mr Meadowson was in no hurry to acquaint the authoress with his opinion of 'At Eden's Gate;' he thankfully remembered that she would not expect his critique just yet, and he had therefore time to decide whether he should convey it by letter or word of mouth. He was keenly anxious to break the intelligence gently, though vividly conscious that however the operation were performed, the consequences to himself would be much the same.

A very depressed and moody Arthur Meadowson wandered up to the Junior Carlton Club that evening. Apart from the prospective breach this matter of the novel threatened to create between the girl he loved and himself, more sordid cares were weighing upon him. His exchequer was low, and he had but few outstanding claims against the magazines; he had no articles in hand which promised to turn out saleable, and no ideas upon which to build others. Altogether, it may be doubted whether any more unhappy young man than our hero walked through the Park and down Piccadilly that May afternoon.

He had been a member of the Junior Carlton since he came of age, having been introduced thereto by his father when money was plentiful and friends were numerous; but though he was almost dependent upon the Club for the society of his own kind, he had latterly been considering the advisability of sending in his resignation; for the annual subscription formed a serious item in his expenditure. He turned in there to-day, telling himself he must screw up his courage to take the step at once; his finances would not stand the tax upon them any longer; but what life would be without this haven of refuge he did not care to contemplate. As he entered the smoking-room he stumbled over a pair of large feet encased in patent leather, whose owner was concealed behind the *Sportsman*. The reader looked up as he apologised, and revealed himself as Mr Augustus Wegswood.

'Evening, Meadowson,' he said languidly. 'Come to dine?'

'Not to-night.—What are you doing here?'

'Loafing, as usual,' replied the brewer, throwing aside his paper with a yawn. He was a stout, red-faced young man, carefully attired in frock-coat and the last fashionable necktie. His habitual expression was one of bored indolence.—'Oh, by the way, Meadowson,' he continued with sudden animation, 'I heard of something this morning that might suit you. Just ring the bell, and have some tea with me while I tell you about it.'

Arthur Meadowson touched the electric button nearest him, and, nothing loth, sat down to hear what the 'something' was. Mr Wegswood was not the man to whom he looked for aid to find him such, nor was he one to whom he cared to place himself under a heavy obligation.

'You had a long talk with Miss Malden yesterday,' remarked Mr Wegswood presently, through a mouthful of buttered toast. 'I was waylaid by Mamma; she kept me at her side the whole afternoon.'

'She was asking me about a book,' replied Arthur indifferently.—'But let's hear what you were going to suggest for me, a few minutes ago. I'll take anything that pays decently.'

'Ah! I was forgetting,' said Mr Wegswood, whose thoughts were somewhat flighty. 'I don't know if you will care about it; but Mrs Malden told me you wanted a post of some kind, and I said I'd bear it in mind.'

'Very good of you,' said Arthur.

'Not at all. This is how it is. Half-a-dozen fellows with whom we have business occasionally, are forming a syndicate—sort of Limited Company, don't you know?—They are going to buy up the properties of a lot of hop-growers in Kent, and they want some one to act as Manager and Secretary. They want a fellow they can trust to look after their interests, don't you know? Not a practical man, who understands hops, but a fellow whom they can rely on to write regularly and tell them how things are going on. That sort of thing suit you?'

'I could do the work, if that's all.—What's the salary?'

'Watson, who told me of the scheme, talked about three hundred a year,' answered Mr Wegswood; 'but of course I told him he could not get the class of man he required for such a pittance as that. I said to him: "It's ridiculous, don't you know, Watson?—ridiculous," I said.'

The brewer's own income, derived from a sleeping partnership in 'Wegswood's Entire,' ran a long way into five figures, so his monetary ideas were naturally large.

'I'll take three hundred gladly, if that is their limit,' said Arthur, after a pause.—'Will my work be in London, if I get this appointment?'

'No,' replied Mr Wegswood with decision. 'You would have to be in B—; awful hole, B—. I go down sometimes to see an old aunt who's got a place there.'

'Any port in a storm,' quoted Arthur with rather strained cheerfulness.

'I may safely say that Watson will give you the berth, on my recommendation. The matter lies in his own hands, and he will do anything to oblige me—the firm, that is.'

Arthur Meadowson thanked him again, and left the Club, carrying a lighter heart than he had brought into it an hour before.

Mr Meadowson was a little surprised to find awaiting him at his lodgings a note from Miss Malden requesting his presence at No. 212 on the following day.

'I'm afraid you will think me very unreasonable and impatient,' she wrote; 'but you would forgive me if you only knew the value I attach to your opinion of my book. If you have finished reading it by to-morrow afternoon, come at three, and tell me what you think of it. I shall remain at home to see you.'

He tied up the manuscript, once so precious, now so hateful, and sat down to consider how he might convey his idea of 'At Eden's Gate' in the least distasteful manner; but he could not do

more than stretch out a general line and leave the occasion to find him words.

'I'll run down my own taste in books, and the publishers', and the public's,' he decided; 'in fact, I'll abuse everybody and everything but the book itself; and if I can't convince her that the public taste, and not her story, is at fault, I must tell her the truth as kindly as I know how.'

Three o'clock the next day saw him in the drawing-room in Brook Street. The afternoon was sunny and warm, and when Miss Malden, looking her prettiest in a most becoming spring dress, came in, an overwhelming wave of love and sorrow swept over the young man's being.

'Have you read it?' she asked, her eyes sparkling with eagerness.

'Yes, Miss Malden, I have read it all.'

'Then tell me in one word: 'Will it do?'

The lovely face bent so anxiously towards his own drove all plans of disclosure completely out of his head. He laid down the parcel of manuscript, and under pretence of unfastening the string which secured it, strove to delay and collect his thoughts.

'You don't want to look at it now, Mr Meadowson,' said Miss Malden, laying a preventive hand upon his. 'If you have read my story you must have formed some opinion about it. Be honest with me,' she pleaded; 'I must know what you think.'

The earnest appeal of those clear gray eyes forbade shuffling; Arthur threw diplomacy to the winds, and answered her straightforwardly. 'I'm afraid it will not print,' he said.

Miss Malden drew herself slowly upright and played with her rings for a few moments before she spoke. 'Why not?' Her voice was steady, but the colour had left her cheeks and her fingers trembled visibly.

'I hardly know how to tell you,' answered Arthur miserably; 'your writing'—

'Oh, if it's only the English or the spelling, I don't care,' interposed the young lady, 'because I know you would put them right if I asked you.'

'Had that been all, I should have asked you to let me rewrite it,' he said; 'but I'm afraid it would not do any good.'

'Then where is the fault?' demanded the authoress almost pettishly. 'In the plot? In the story?'

'You have no plot, Miss Malden; no sustained interest.'

'What about the characters?' she inquired with a little ring of triumph in her voice. The most exacting critic must have a good word for Lord Brownsover, Colonel Gansdale, and Lady Helen, she thought. Were they not drawn from real life?

'They lack individuality, Miss Malden. If I may speak quite plainly, they are all exactly alike; you can't tell one from the other.'

This was the last straw. Miss Malden hastily picked up the parcel which lay between them on the sofa, said: 'Tha-an-k you, Mr Meadowson,' and fled from the room to hide her tears; leaving Arthur a crushed heap of misery, with scarcely enough mental power to feel himself a heartless, hypercritical brute.

Half an hour later he found himself on the steps of the Club, without any very clear idea

how he had come there. As he pushed open the swing-doors, his arm was seized from behind, and he turned to behold Mr Wegswood smiling upon him with unusual affection.

'I congratulate you,' he said; 'that is, if it is a matter for congratulation, don't you know? You've got it. Three-fifty. I told Watson he must raise his figure, and though he made a favour of it, he did go fifty more. Don't thank me,' said Mr Wegswood, waving a heavily-ringed hand in deprecation of Arthur's expressions of gratitude. 'I'm awfully glad if you are. Only thing is, they want you to take up the billet at once. That's serious difficulty; fellow can't leave town in middle of May; it's impossible.'

'The season does not affect me much, nowadays,' smiled Arthur. 'I can go at once.'

'You are a fellow,' said Mr Wegswood, half in awe and half in pity. 'D'you mean to say you could go so soon as, say, Monday?'

'Why not?' asked Arthur shortly, for he had little patience with the affectations of this gilded youth.

Mr Wegswood shook his head solemnly at the idea of a fellow leaving town like that in the 'Season,' but readily undertook to write to Mr Watson; and a few other details having been settled and explained, he got up to leave.

Now that the heavy load of pecuniary troubles in the present and the dark uncertainties of the future were thus satisfactorily dispelled, Arthur Meadowson could bring his thoughts untrammelled to bear upon the events of that half-hour in Brook Street. He had muddled the business sadly; a pleading look, an appealing word, had witched him into telling not only the plain but the ugly truth; and now it was too late, all the pretty phrases in which he might have offered it came upon him at once. Presently, he rose and went to a writing-table, where he sat down, bent on putting forth all his powers in the composition of a letter to the disconsolate Alicia which should soften the blows she had wrung from him. 'I must tell you,' he wrote, 'what I had no opportunity of saying when I saw you. It is that another reader may feel able to give a more acceptable opinion of your book than I have done. I think, knowing you so well, I may have expected too much, and judged too harshly; but I confess I am still convinced that you could produce work of a higher order, if you give yourself a fair chance and do not attempt too much. The opinion of some one who reads many novels—which I do not—may prove a more reliable guide than mine.'

'I hope that will break the fall a little,' sighed Arthur as he closed a letter full of such judicious insinuations as the specimen we give above. 'I shall see her before I go, I suppose. I must write and tell Mrs Malden that I'm off, and she is safe to ask me up there on Sunday to say good-bye.'

He wrote accordingly, not forgetting to mention that he believed he was indebted to her for Mr Wegswood's exertions on his behalf, and expressed a hope that he should find her at home when he called to bid her adieu.

He received an answer by return of post; but though Mrs Malden's note was couched in terms

of the sincerest kindness, it offered him no encouragement to pay a farewell visit.

'Phew!' whistled Arthur. 'The English of this is that she has told her mother the secret, and Mrs Malden has taken offence too.—Well, well; I'm sorry, for she has been a good friend to me; it only gives me another reason for cutting Town as soon as possible.'

REMINISCENCES AMONG THE SIOUX INDIANS.

THE Sioux nation of Indians has recently attracted much attention in the United States because of a law enacted by the Senate and Congress authorising a treaty with that nation which provides for the relinquishment by the Indians of a large proportion of that section of Western Dakota known as the Big Sioux Reservation. It is not necessary here to enter into the details of the Act; but it is one which has for a long time past claimed the attention of the entire population of the United States, because it not only opens up to actual settlement a large area of agricultural land, but it gives certain lines of railway a chance to build across a section of country for which they have been waiting since the early settlement of the Black Hills and the cattle-ranges of Wyoming and Montana. It is also calculated to encourage the Indians in becoming civilised, for it provides that each individual Indian shall select one hundred and sixty acres of land on which to make his permanent home; the object, of course, being to eventually render these wards of the Government self-sustaining, instead of being, as they are at present, entirely supported by the Government.

This action by the United States Government has revived many recollections by frontiersmen of the old days, when it was freely admitted by those best entitled to judge that no Indian could be good until he was dead. But those days are gone, never to return, for the reason that the large game which used to roam over the prairies and mountains of the West have been killed off to such an extent that Indians on the war-path would be unable to find enough wild meat to feed themselves with. Take away their sustenance, and you take with it the bravery and desire of the Indians to make war. The buffalo, elk, antelope, deer, and mountain sheep, which used to roam in immense herds over these prairies and mountains, are killed off, and the Indian is tamed, but not civilised. A visit to any of the Indian Agencies at the time of issuing beef-rations from the slaughter-house would convince any one of this fact, for the visitor would to-day see the squaws fighting over the entrails just drawn hot and bloody from the bodies of the dead cattle, and feasting on them in a raw state, uncleansed by water.

Such reminiscences as the massacre in Minnesota in 1862, when a Sioux chief, Little Crow, and band of warriors passed over a section of that State leaving death and desolation in their wake, are recalled to mind. This same old chief has doubtless long ere this been called to the happy hunting-grounds, for when I saw him in 1877 he was very old and infirm. It is a notable

fact, too, that the places of the old fighting chiefs, of which this nation possessed a large number only a few years since, have never been filled, which bears out my assertion that with the departure of wild-game the warlike spirit of the Indians has become tamed.

But there were chiefs only a few short years since whom nothing but death could conquer—of such mettle were Crazy Horse and Spotted Tail. The deeds of these two, both in the battle and hunting-fields, are still recounted by the old Indians, who cannot forget, and still delight in the prowess of such men. The deaths of both of these were violent, as their lives had been. The former—who took a very active part in the campaign of 1876, which resulted in the death of General Custer and three hundred and fifty-five members of the Seventh Cavalry, the flower and pride of the American army, and who was never captured on the war-path, but was compelled by the rigours of winter and lack of sustenance for his band of warriors and their ponies to surrender in the early spring of 1877—was killed, a couple of years later, in the guard-house at old Red Cloud Agency, or Fort Robinson, in North-western Nebraska. His turbulent spirit, which many thought was quelled after his surrender, was only slumbering; and on the first chance which offered he urged a party to take the war-path against the settlers on the Republican River, in that State, which flowed through a section of country that had for years been a favourite hunting-ground for the Sioux. But he was pursued and brought back to the Agency as a prisoner, his band of warriors being too small to cope successfully with the cavalry. His position was so galling to his turbulent spirit that he made a desperate attempt to escape, in which he was mortally wounded.

Spotted Tail, the other chief to whom I referred, ranked as one of the highest in the nation, dividing honours with Red Cloud, who has for many years been recognised by the Government as the chief of the Sioux nation. Spotted Tail's band of followers was the most numerous, and, except Sitting Bull's, the most turbulent of all the Sioux tribe. But he possessed more diplomacy than either Crazy Horse or Sitting Bull, and refrained from taking any active part in the Custer massacre, the principal reasons doubtless being his advanced age and the loss of prestige that would ensue with the Government, which had for several years catered to both himself and Red Cloud by building houses for them at the Agencies vastly superior to any furnished to other chiefs, and in many other ways not necessary to mention. He met his death at the hands of a sub-chief or headman named Crow Dog in 1881.

The real motive for the killing of Spotted Tail was undoubtedly a mixture of jealousy and fear. An old feud had existed between the two for some time, and one afternoon, after both had attended a council to decide some question of tribal government, as Spotted Tail was riding in one direction, he met Crow Dog, accompanied by his squaw, travelling in a wagon. Without either uttering a word, Crow Dog shot and mortally wounded the old chief. He afterwards claimed that he fired in self-defence, because he saw Spotted Tail reaching for his revolver, and

knew that if he had not shot first he would surely have been killed. According to the Indian custom, he compromised with the family of Spotted Tail by the payment of ten ponies. But the United States officials arrested him, and he was tried at a term of Court in Deadwood, convicted of murder in the first degree, and sentenced by Hon. G. C. Moody, the judge at that time, to be hanged. I was an eye-witness of the trial and sentence. Afterwards, in the execution of my duty as a deputy-sheriff and special deputy U.S. Marshal, I was instructed to convey Crow Dog to the jail, about a mile and a half distant, and it was during my walk with him that I saw an exhibition of recklessness rarely met with even among savages. We were met by an acquaintance of mine, who inquired what the sentence was; and before I could answer, my dusky companion, who could understand the English language but could not speak it, responded by passing his hand across his throat and partly around his neck, finishing with an upward jerk, to signify the means to be used to execute the sentence, and smiling at the same time, as if he considered it a rare joke. However, the sentence was never executed, because the United States Supreme Court decided that, as he had already complied with the tribal laws and paid the penalty, he must be released. Had he killed a white man or committed any offence against a white man, then he would have been subject to trial by the civil authorities; but in an offence against another Indian he was only subject to the tribal laws of the nation or tribe to which he belonged.

Among others, Sitting Bull has been commonly regarded as a great chief and warrior. Such an idea is entirely wrong, for as a matter of fact he never was a chief, only a medicine-man or wizard; and, although he has always received the credit of leading the Indians in the Custer massacre, he was really not in the fight at all, being engaged at the time in invoking the aid of the spirits on behalf of the savages. The chief who did lead at the fight was named Gaul; he was really in command of what is known as Sitting Bull's band of Sioux. This is the testimony of all Indians who participated in the massacre, and is undoubtedly the truth.

A STORY OF MAZARUNI GOLD.

'THE purser sends his compliments, sir, and says he is very sorry, but he will have to put a gentleman into your cabin, from the lower deck. There's a tremendous lot o' passengers this voyage, sir.'

These words were addressed to me by a steward of the good royal-mail ship *Nile*, as we steamed down the Solent on a lovely evening in July 187-. It is a selfish peculiarity of Englishmen to wish to have everything to themselves—a smoking-carriage, a cabin on board a steamer, a table at a restaurant. I am not free from this selfishness, being an Englishman, and felt a good deal annoyed at the idea of having a stranger thrust on one's privacy. Besides, I had just unpacked a good many things, and arranged them all over my cabin for my fortnight's occupation of it, in my old bachelor methodical style.

However, a visit to the good-natured purser convinced me the request was a reasonable one. After all, I had only paid for one berth, and to stand up for the whole cabin was about as reasonable as demanding a whole railway carriage for a single fare.

'Well, I suppose I may choose my companion?' said I.

'Certainly—any one you like.'

'Then I should prefer that Herr David Balk shared my cabin. He is a gentleman, I believe, and I should think would have none of those habits which render some travellers anything but desirable companions.'

Herr David Balk was a pleasant young Dutchman, of a good family in Amsterdam. I had been introduced to him by a friend of mine who had come to see me off at Southampton.

In the course of two or three days we were the best of friends, for I will always contend that a Dutchman of the upper classes is as fine a specimen of humanity as is to be found in the world. Herr Balk had never visited Demerara, to which colony he was now bound; and as I had been two or three voyages to 'the land of mud,' making some stay each time in the colony, I was able to give him information about the place. He seemed curious about the rivers and river-banks of the colony, and after inquiring about the Corentyn, Berbice, and Essequibo rivers, he began to ask, in what I thought a cautious, tentative sort of manner, about the banks of the Mazaruni. Had there not been estates there in the old time?—estates not far from the site of the present penal settlement? Were there ruins of any houses? And so forth.

We were soon on the friendliest footing, but still Balk puzzled me. What object had he in visiting Demerara? He moved in the best circles in Amsterdam and at the Hague. My friend had told me at Southampton, Balk's house on the Herregracht was the finest in Amsterdam—a perfect bijou. He was neither a planter nor a naturalist. And though not rich, he was fairly well off.

At last, one evening when we were sitting smoking in our deck-chairs, in a remote part of the quarter-deck, and Balk was talking about river-banks and the Mazaruni for the fortieth time, I could stand it no longer. 'What on earth are you always talking about these things for?' said I.

Balk, after a short pause, said: 'I don't mind telling you the object of this voyage of mine. Although I have known you only a few days on this ship, somehow or other I could trust you better than many a Dutchman I have known all my life.'

Then, on the dimly-lighted quarter-deck, with the screw whirling and thumping beneath us, he told me something of his family history. His was one of the oldest families in Holland. His ancestors two hundred years ago had established a coffee estate on the Mazaruni River. The Spaniards in those days were very troublesome, and one David Balk, being a rich man, had fitted out a fighting-ship, sunk two or three Spanish galleons, and acquired a good deal of their treasure. His name became for a time a formidable one in Demerara waters, and even on the Spanish Main. But the Spaniards were not

disposed tamely to submit to a Dutch planter. An expedition was fitted out. Two galleons sailed up the Essequibo, and entered the Mazaruni. No ravages on any estates, which were then numerous on either bank of the river, were made. The commander had but one object in view, and that was to destroy David Balk, his son, slaves, house, and all that was his, and seize his treasure. This they appear to have done only too effectually. Landing in the dead of night at Plu Scheproued, about two miles lower down the bank of the river than where the penal settlement now stands, they killed Balk, who made a gallant resistance, put as many slaves as they could catch to death, laid the whole place in ruins, and, it was supposed, took Balk's treasure with them.

In one object apparently these murderers failed. David Balk's son, a youth visiting Demerara for a few months, escaped. Some slaves who had themselves got away, said they had seen him on the fatal night grasp a sword and swear to die fighting by his father's side. The father in vain urged him to flee. At last, on a sign from the old man, four slaves seized him, and in spite of all his struggles, bore him away. He was got on board a schooner; and soon after returned to Holland, much to the relief, doubtless, of his fellow-colonists, who had by that time become convinced that the name of Balk was a dangerous one to have amongst them.

Here the curtain falls on this little tragedy of the seventeenth or eighteenth century, for I am not quite certain to which century it really belongs, whether to the waning years of the end of the seventeenth or the dawn of the eighteenth.

Some time in the 'seventies' of this present century, my friend David Balk, a descendant of the filibustering, coffee-growing, burgomeister David, of a long-past generation, found his ancestral house on the Herengracht, Amsterdam, in a state of apparently sudden decay, as so often happens with mediæval Dutch houses. He moved into another house during the process of reconstruction. Every one knows what piles of rubbish accumulate in a modern house in the course of even a few years. But imagine a house with the accumulations of three centuries! What a 'turn-out' there would be if the Queen were to leave Windsor Castle, or the Duke of Devonshire to depart from Chatsworth! My friend made a big bonfire of a good deal of broken old-time furniture, and rags of dresses, with the fair owners of which Egmont might have danced. His temporary house was filled with dingy boxes, into which old songs, plays, and the fugitive literature of many generations had been packed. One day he was surveying these dubious treasures in the garret, fully resolving not to lumber up his newly-restored house with all of them, and yet half shrinking from the labour of sifting the wheat from the chaff. His eye rested for a moment on a small old-fashioned box with rusty iron clamps. It was grimed with the dust and dirt of ages. Mechanically, Balk, he knew not why, began scraping away the dirt from the lid. He came upon part of some old-fashioned Dutch characters originally inscribed in white paint, now yellowed

with age. He now felt some curiosity, and scraped away with interest. At last, he could make out the following: ' . . . s dore Ba k, erren cht, msterdam.' The other letters had disappeared. However, this he easily translated into 'Isidore Balk, Herengracht, Amsterdam.'

This box had evidently never been opened—there was no key; but rust had done its work, and he easily opened it with a chisel. Inside this was a small parcel of something or other, wrapped up in that sweet-smelling Cordovan leather which seems to defy the ravages of time. Undoing the leather he found a letter written in faded old-world characters, and he could just make out it was addressed to Isidore Balk. Now, letters, centuries ago, were seldom written on parchment, that material being expensive, and reserved, as nowadays, for important documents. But this *was* parchment. Not to weary the reader, Balk found, after many hours of perseverance, that the letter was from his ancestor David, who had been massacred on the banks of the Mazaruni River, to his son Isidore. David had evidently feared that he might be suddenly cut off, had written this letter on parchment, and enclosed it in a strong box, addressed to Isidore, hoping he might find some opportunity, should misfortune overtake him, of despatching it. No doubt, on the fatal Mazaruni night he entrusted it to his younger son. But family history related that this young man on reaching Holland found his brother already dead of a putrid fever, then epidemic, and to which he himself succumbed only three weeks after reaching his native land. It was plain, then, the box had been put aside in a garret and forgotten.

The contents of the letter were to this effect: that, considering the perilous condition of the times, and until he had wound up certain business in the colony of Demerara, when he hoped to depart under sure and safe consort for Holland, he had secretly deposited a considerable sum in Spanish doubloons under ground on his estate. That he had also there deposited raw gold (so he termed it) which he had obtained from Cayuni River. The bearings of the spot were given with the utmost exactness, and the treasure was moreover described as buried under a large greenheart tree. The letter concluded with the following naive words: 'Only six of my slaves helped me in this matter, and know the spot where this treasure lies buried. I believe them all to be trustworthy knaves. Moreover, the treasure would be of no use to them if they had it. However, should I find any of them talk of this buried gold, he that thus talked would soon be buried too.'

'There,' said Balk, as we got up from our deck-chairs, on the now deserted quarter-deck, 'you now know why I am going to Demerara. I intend to have that treasure which my ancestor left there so many generations ago.'

In due time, after seeing Barbadians land in Bridgetown in tall hats, and enjoying a capital lunch at its Ice House, I reached Georgetown. Here I parted from Balk, promising, however, if my business was finished in time, to leave by the same homeward mail.

My stay, however, in the land of mud was very short—only a fortnight. Important business, requiring my immediate presence in London,

called me away. On the day of my departure I received a letter from Balk, dated from Bartica Grove, and saying: 'Everything is ready for the treasure-finding expedition on Thursday—dead of night—muffled oars—quite a romance—come and join in the excitement.'

Scrawling a hasty note explaining that I was going away, and giving my English address, I sailed that evening.

Some months glided by, as the novelists say, and I had half forgotten Balk and his story, when I received a letter from him, dated the Herengracht, Amsterdam. It was a hospitable invitation to come and visit him for as long as I liked.

A week later we were seated one evening after dinner in his quaint, cosy, little smoking-room, each of us with one of those long-stemmed china-bowl pipes, which one enjoys in certain countries of Europe, but somehow never thinks of smoking in England.

'Now, about that treasure,' said Balk, 'which I promised at dinner to tell you about.'

'Did you get it?' said I.

'Every doubloon, my dear fellow,' he answered, 'except a few which fell from the rotten chest, and on which the *bovianders* duly got drunk at Bartica for some days.'

'Well, how did you manage it?'

'Very simply. I took a cottage at Bartica Grove, and people seemed to think me a German naturalist. Naturalists collecting for American museums go there sometimes. I got a boat, and was pulled to the mainland some two miles below the penal settlement. I examined everything—had a path cut, looked at the trees, the creepers, the ground—yes, especially the *ground*; oh, it was quite plain I was a naturalist. An old chart which I had taken the precaution to consult at the royal archives at the Hague had informed me as to the exact position of the old estate of Schep-ruod. Of course, the place was quite overgrown—not even a small terrier could have penetrated some parts of it. I had my compass with me, but did not consult it. I did not wish to raise suspicions. Naturalists do not require compasses. What was my joy, however, at some thirty feet above the river, in a spot where no brushwood was, to stumble over a brick, half-buried in the soil. There were mounds all round—no doubt all house brickwork covered with soil.

'The men with me were not surprised; they merely said: "Plenty estate on dis river in old time—bricks everywhere."

'Here, then, my ancestor David Balk had perished so many generations since.

"Any old greenheart trees?" I asked carelessly of the boatmen.

'They laughed. "You no find any dis side. Settlement people cut down trees of any size—too many years ago."

'The old tree mentioned in the letter had disappeared, then. But I had been almost sure of that beforehand. In the course of nature it must have perished long ago, even if the woodcutters had spared it.

'For one reconnoitre I had done very well. After this, I borrowed a canoe, a good English-built one, and paddled in and out of the shallows and backwaters. One thing I felt convinced of—I must ascertain the exact spot where

this treasure was buried. I could only make one attempt. If that failed, the whole thing would get wind, and all the treasure, if ever found, would not come to me, its rightful owner.

'Well, after carefully examining the chart, and taking and retaking the most minute bearings, I hit upon one certain spot. I cleared away the brushwood myself with a cutlass, and what was my joy to find a huge cavity where trees had evidently once stood. But now one of the most difficult parts of my plan remained. I must let five men at least into my secret, for I should require fully that number to pull the boat and dig up the treasure. And such men to confide in! *Bovianders*, woodcutters, men living from hand to mouth, whose highest ideal of human felicity was rum and tobacco. I should never have managed these fellows myself; but I went to one who had had much experience with woodcutters and river-men. For a good round sum, when I had confided everything to him, he promised to procure me five trustworthy men—that is, trustworthy as long as they could be kept from drink. Fine big fellows they were, with broad chests and sinewy arms. My temporary friend, from whom I also hired an expensive boat, kept these fellows till the evening in a state of semi-imprisonment. They had salt fish, bread, sardines, one bottle of beer each, and a very small modicum of rum. How they did clamour for more of the latter!

"Now," said I, producing a roll of notes, to show I had plenty of money, "each man, five minutes after we have started to-night, will receive a twenty-dollar note. If I succeed in what I am attempting, then each man will have twenty dollars more; but you won't know what we are going for until after we start."

'It was a dark moonless night as we pushed off silently about eleven o'clock from Carabice Place, Bartica Grove. I gave each of the men the promised twenty-dollar note. I could see by the feeble lantern light that this inspired them with new confidence. Our boat was well ballasted with shovels and pickaxes; boxes, or what Creoles call "canisters," to hold the expected treasure. They all knew about it now. I had told them all.

'Arriving at our landing-place, and tethering our boat to the trunk of a tree, we commenced our midnight journey. Two men held me up on either side, or I should have fallen again and again as the vines entangled my feet, for the lantern's light was well-nigh useless. As for the men, they seemed to have cats' eyes. The darkness and the light to them were both alike. I am sure I could never have found the spot I wanted alone, in the dark, often as I had been there; but I had painted lines of white paint as a precaution on two trees near the place, and my friends with the feline eyes soon discovered these.

'Now that the search I had come all these thousands of miles to make was about to begin, I felt at once a strange disbelief in it. All the tales I had ever read of vain searchings for treasure which perhaps had never been hidden, flashed through my mind. Perhaps David Balk's letter had been all a hoax, intended to mislead Spaniards and others. Even if true, some one

else might have found the gold generations ago. At that moment, but for making myself ridiculous, I would have gone back to the boat and steamed away for Holland by first ship.

"Eh, sir—wha' yow g'win to do?"

"These words roused me from my dream. The men had put the lantern on the ground, and now looked to me for directions. I pointed out what I thought must be the exact spot, and to work they went like—well, like men who are working for twenty dollars apiece. Shovelfuls of black mould were turned up, representing years upon years of forest leaves; then two or three feet of sand, and at last we got through two feet of clay, and finally reached water. The depth of the hole was now more than six feet, and my heart began to sink, for when the labour had set in, my hopes had risen again. The men were getting dispirited. Their extra twenty dollars seemed fading away before their eyes. They all jumped out of the trench.

"No good, sah; de water rise; no treasure der. Better go home."

"I began to think so too; but just then, as a man held the lantern over the excavation, I noticed a hard substance amongst the clay at the side, some five feet down. To the amazement of the man, I jumped into the hole, splashing the water high in the air. I felt the side of the hole, scraped away the clay. Yes, this was the end of a stone coffer of large dimensions, and the end of our search too.

"Hurrah!" I shouted as the men helped me out of the pit; "we have come on the end of the box instead of the top. A little more digging, my men, just here, and twenty-five dollars apiece for you, instead of twenty, as this is extra work."

"In the course of half an hour the whole of the stone coffer was laid bare. It was too heavy to lift from the earth, and must be emptied. A few blows from a pickaxe, and the lid was broken in pieces. Throwing these pieces away, a much-decayed linen cloth was visible.

"You better raise dis," said the men, getting out of the hole.

"I sprang in, and then there came forth, as I raised the cloth, in the lantern's light the soft gleam of gold—imperishable gold—gold, not to be tarnished like silver, or grow green like baser metals, but ever preserving its yellow radiance from age to age. Yes, there was gold in all its shapes—crude nuggets, and gold-dust from Nature's hand. Moidores, pieces-of-eight, doubloons, and a dozen other shapes into which man's hand had twisted it.

"I, who was moderately rich before, for Holland, was now rich as you English count riches. I stood dumfounded. I was neither glad nor happy. I felt dazed, and fancied myself an avaricious wretch. But this I did in the few moments when I first beheld my treasures by the feeble light of the lantern, beneath the Mazaruni forest trees: I vowed I would make a good use of it in the service of God and man; and I humbly hope I have done so.

"Well, it took some time to fill our tin and wooden boxes and transport the treasure to the boat. When we reached Bartica, I gave the men fifty dollars apiece, and I said if I could ever help them in any way I would, on their applying to

me. I am afraid the money did them no good. I heard afterwards that Bartica Grove was a swamp of drunkenness for some two or three weeks after that night. Some of the men had picked up gold moidores and other coins, and many worthy persons were much surprised at ancient coins coming suddenly to light in such a remote place. As for myself, I left for Southampton by next mail.

"There you have my story," said Balk, filling his huge pipe and lighting it, for it had gone out during his narrative.

"But," said I, "did nothing of this strange treasure-trove adventure get wind in Demerara?"

"Ah yes," laughed Balk. "Of course those drunken bovianders maundered about treasures in the earth, but few believed them. One or two men went and dug—found nothing except the empty stone coffer, which they took to the Grove; but what did that prove as to their tale being true—an empty stone box? The Superintendent at the settlement, an energetic little man, heard the story too. He sent a warder and convicts into the forest. They found a hole. They dug others, and at last they came on a grave. He must have been a swell the Balk who was buried there, for the diggers turned up no end of coffin handles, some of which have been preserved as mementos. The only thing of the slightest value they found was a silver button such as used to be worn on cloaks, with a chain, to fasten the collar. This the Superintendent gave to his wife. Oh yes, there was something more found—a few bones.

"This," said Balk, showing me a small bone inserted in something like a monstrant, "was sent to me as the relic of an ancestor, and these"—opening a drawer of nuggets—"are, I take it, some of the earliest samples of Mazaruni Gold."

A BACKWARD GLANCE.

WERE all the ways wherein you went,
In plenitude of calm content,

Of old,
Without my presence, lone or cold?

Were all the flowers that, year by year,
You watched, and kissed, and held so dear,
Less sweet,
Before God willed we two should meet?

Was every song and sweet refrain,
Whereof your lips are now so fain,
Unsung,
Or meaningless, without Love's tongue?

For now, in looking backward, I
Discern no light nor melody,
Nor find
Any dear memory soul-enshrined;

Nor can I see aught blest or bright,
Aught of lovable, aught of right
Or true,
Until the day that brought me you.

M. C. GILLINGTON.

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